



## SOME EXTRACTS FROM MR. HARRISON'S SERMON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The Reverend Thomas Harrison, evangelist, thinks an evangelist carries every cent of the salary that he gets. Mr. Harrison has been holding a revival at the Methodist Church for two weeks. He gets \$100 per week and his expenses at the Plunket Hotel.

"And that is little enough for the work," he says.

Mr. Harrison holds one service a day. He also does much visiting, much praying, and a great deal of studying.

"I have to study as hard now as I did the first year I began preaching," he says.

"Even when I have a text that I have preached on a hundred times, I have to study. I have to make out my sermon, select the hymns, and arrange the whole service so that one part of it will be in keeping with all the other parts of it."

Mr. Harrison does not think an evangelist can have hope of a very long life. He declares that the work is very trying, and cites the fact that Sam Jones has broken down under the strain, and that Dwight L. Moody died practically in harness.

"The life is not one that is conducive to longevity," he says. "We are here one week—there the next. It is all hustle, bustle, activity and nervous strain, and it is all hotel life. An evangelist has no time for anything but his work."

Mr. Harrison has been preaching since he was 16 years of age. He tells an interesting story of his conversion. He was never wicked, but one night, on the streets of Boston, he declared, he heard a voice saying to him: "Now or never." It was cold weather, and there were no snow and no moon on the ground. He understood the call to go on to go down on his knees right then and there, and consecrate himself to God. But he remembered. It was not a fit place, and the discomforts of such a thing were enough to cause him to hesitate. But he heard the voice again: "Now or never!" Again he remembered. There was a third call, however, and he gave up the struggle. He fell on his knees in the snow and the ice, and with a fervent prayer consecrated his life to God.

He was barely 16 years of age at this time; a year later he was preaching as a regularly licensed preacher of the Methodist Church.

It was in Washington City a short time after this that he gained fame, and was first called "The Boy Evangelist." This sobriquet clung to him for a number of years, and he was thus known when he held his first revival service in St. Louis, sixteen years ago. This revival was held at Centenary Church, and lasted for four weeks. During this period, there were 1,000 professions of conversion.

"I consider that my greatest meeting was at New York, in 1890," says Mr. Harrison. "This meeting lasted from January until about the fourth of July, and there were 2,000 conversions. The longest meeting I ever held was in Philadelphia, about that time. I was there for an even twenty-two weeks. After I left St. Louis in 1894, I went to Springfield, Ill., where I remained for four months. There were 2,000 conversions as the result of this meeting."

In those days, Mr. Harrison was in the habit of holding three services a day. But he found that the strain on him was too great, and also that the extra results were not commensurate with the extra labor. So some ten years or so ago he abandoned the three-meeting-a-day system, and now he seldom holds more than one, except on Sunday, when there are two.

"People do not come to the midday weekday services now like they used to do," says Mr. Harrison. "I find that as good results may be achieved by one good service held in the evening as by two or more scattered throughout the day. Besides, I do not believe that any man can hold the strain of holding three or even two services a day."

Mr. Harrison is not married. "How could I be married?" he asks. "I began preaching when I was 16 years of age, and I have been doing that work constantly ever since. I have lived in hotels so long that it seems I never lived anywhere else. I have not had the time to fall in love, much less to get married."

But Mr. Harrison has a mother—the woman who prayed for him the day of his birth that he might become a preacher. She may visit him while he is in St. Louis.

In many ways, Mr. Harrison is the most peculiar man that ever mounted a pulpit. He is not lodged about by conventionalities. He has methods that are not those of the man who has been brought up in a theological seminary. He has notions that were never taught in any school of education. He has movements which, according to all the set rules of such things, should make him appear ridiculous. He is nervous

There is no such word in the Bible as "perhaps." An old Calvinist once says: "If we do so and so, 'perhaps' we shall be saved. I say if we do so and so we shall be saved."

The man who is saved cannot but be happy.

We have got to work out our salvation in God's way, not in our way. He imposes certain conditions as necessary to salvation. If we meet them, we shall be saved.

I was once asked what, in my opinion, were the principal elements in the salvation of mankind. I replied that I thought something of Sins and a good deal more of Calvary.

Because Cardinal Gibbons became a Roman Catholic he did not give up Jesus Christ. He did not become a Unitarian, thank the Lord!

The doors to salvation are wide open. I thank God that no priest nor theologian can control them. Jesus Christ opened them, and they cannot be closed.

In Boston, where I live, there is one church whose members believe that they are too good to be damned. Near this church is another whose members believe that God is too good to damn them.

I believe that in the Roman Catholic Church there are thousands who have received the love of God, and that they will get to heaven as quickly as we will.

God will not withhold any good thing from the man or the woman of clean heart and a pure heart.

I once asked a man who had come to the altar why he was there. I do not know why I asked such a question, I never know why I ask any question, I ask it

because it comes into my heart to ask it. I do not know that I ever asked such a question before or since. Maybe I have; I don't know. But I asked him, "What have you come up here for?" "I did not come up here for anything," he said. "I came for salvation." With that he sprang to the front and shouted, "And I've got it!" I have seen that man every year for sixteen years since that time, and he's got it yet.

I have seen fifty thousand conversions, but I never saw a lazy person hold out. He is earnest!

I do not believe in being too easily converted. The man who gets religion in gorgeous rituals, but in the Lord Jesus Christ, and then shall be saved.

We do not know when death may come. It may come to us in a hotel. A hotel is a bad place to be sick in, and a worse place to die in. They take the body away before it is cold. When my time to die comes, I hope that I may die where I may be surrounded by loved ones, with whom I may speak a farewell word; that there may be some one to kiss down my forehead, and seal them with tears of love.

The greatest thing in life is not the accumulation of wealth for all that wealth and industry have done might be wiped away, and the world and its wealth and its poverty would be as one to us, for we would be dead. It is not the family circle, for the old mother will grow thin and pale, and will pass away; father will follow her; the wife will be called to another life; the children will die, or will drift into new walks, the friends will depart, and only loneliness will be left you until your own time, and then you will pass into the great beyond. In none of this is found the greatest thing of life. The greatest thing in all the world is to live so that at the end you may be able to testify to the answer to the great question, "Have I made the kingdom?"

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## THOUGHTS BY A WOMAN.

A kiss through a veil is like champagne through a straw.

Chaperones are common incidents to produce matrimony.

Men never really love their babies. They only respect them for their family connections.

There is a charm about another fellow's widow that few men can associate with their own.

If ladies wore wreaths of oranges instead of the orange blossoms, how odd it would seem!

A girl never quite forgives a man for seducing her nose by means of a hat.

Husbands are men in which Cupid gives an imitation of a spider.

Paradise produces the most successful crop of wild oats on record.

Many a chap who looks like a Greek god has been refused for some fault-finding girl who preferred cold cash to classic illustrations for domestic use.

When you have had appendicitis and been through supplementary proceedings you begin to get too blasé for anything.

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## MR. DOOLEY ON YOUNG ORATORY.

BY F. P. DUNNE



The wise old boys with their long white beards discuss him over the 'sivins' game."

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"They're wan thing that this country ought to be thankful for," said Mr. Dooley, laying down his paper, "an' that is that we still have a lot of young an' growin' orators for to lead us on."

"Who's been outin' now?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"No young frind Shiner Beveridge, he's child orator in Fall Creek. This enagin' an' hopeful lead first made an impression with his eloquence at the age of wan when he addressed a meetin' in the Tippecanoe club on 'Delusions in the Day.' At the age of eight he was elected to the United States Shint, rayfoun' the average age in that body to sixty-three years. In the Shint, bein' a modest child, he rayfouned to speak for five minutes, but was finally induced for to make a few thousand remarks on wan in the subjects now much discussed by orators with the dures an' close an' in the fire escape books."

"This subject was the 'Phillipines an' he said he'd come from there. 'I have cruised,' he says, 'for two thousand miles through the An'-reley Pelago—that's a funny name—ivy may be a surprise an' soft coal, an' General Otis—an' there's a man that I rayfoun'.' He says, 'I see flowers bloomin' that was superior to any conservatory in Podlasky County,' he says. 'I see the low an' vicious inhabitants in the country soon, I trust, to be me fellow citizens, an' as I set there an' watched the sea rollin' up its uncouth millions in feet

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